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# THE ANCHOR



MARCH 1906

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HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

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## The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME IX

MARCH, 1906

NUMBER 3

### The Great Peacemaker.

A WORLD hero is a rarity. The centuries record the names of but few men whose greatness and impartial service to humanity are assented to by all. Washington the patriot to America, is Washington the rebel to England. Even the Great Teacher himself, to Christianity the glory of the ages, was "unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness." But out of the travail of a world crisis, our own day has brought forth one whose name a nation and a world delight to honor. Your children love him, and Europe's mightiest statesmen adore him. And why? Because by his hand a Battle of the Giants was stilled, and by his influence a new world ideal was established. And since he has shown that there is a right stronger than might, and a voice of justice that speaks louder than the cannon's roar, posterity will recognize among humanity's truest champions Theodore Roosevelt, America's greatest peace president, civilization's first world-pacificator.

The twentieth century had just dawned when Roosevelt entered the arena of world politics. European affairs presented a paradox. Peace and conquest at the same time occupied the nations. The Hague Conference had assembled, but with the closing of its doors its spirit seemed also to have perished; for did not the Czar, foremost at The Hague, at once become leader in the struggle for control in the newly awakened Orient? With Pekin in sight, The Hague was forgotten, and the bloody Russo-Japanese war was on. Port Arthur fell; Mukden was taken. But to recount the story of that terrible conflict is to relate a tale of destruction and death at



which a world accustomed to blood shuddered in horror. Where in former conflicts each descending sun had seen men slain, now it beheld regiments annihilated. Destruction was on every side. Hope had departed. The pall of death had settled over all—and then Roosevelt came.

From the day when first events in the East had been leading up to this clash between Orient and Occident, events in the West had been preparing a man to meet this crisis. Geniuses do not, Theban-like, spring up ready equipped for action. That man the world acclaims great who recognizes the crisis before him as that divine event for which all his previous life has been but the preparation. There is nothing so very different between Roosevelt the diplomat, bringing the ends of the earth together to end a conflict at which Erebus trembled, and Roosevelt the intrepid colonel, dashing up toward death's citadel on San Juan hill. In war, he must learn the horrors of war. The strategy of the battle-field must precede the strategy of peace. The same brave spirit that faced the guns on Cuban shores was destined to face the impatient guns of two mighty empires and the derision of a cynical world. Of such events is the peacemaker begotten.

But the ways of peace the pacificator must learn in peace itself. Economic crises have arisen during the last five years that have almost caused men to question whether the commonwealth of Washington and Jefferson was after all anything more than the Utopian deliverance of an over-patriotic imagination. In the struggle between capital and labor in 1902, while coal barons and labor leaders from the midst of luxury were conducting the campaign, thousands were suffering the terrible pangs of cold and hunger. Were the lives of the many to be sacrificed to the interests of the few? Was man to be deprived of God's gift to man? Roosevelt said, "No," and the Great Coal Strike ended. When, during the recent labor uprising in Chicago, the rights of American citizenship were being infringed upon, it was Roosevelt who pointed out to both parties their rights and their duties in terms not to be misunderstood, and the clouds of trouble melted away before this sun of universal peace. Under Roosevelt's genial influence, North and South have finally been brought to appreciate and love each other. What four years of civil war, two score years of peace, and a campaign side by side neath tropical suns could not accomplish, this

great pacificator by a few years of manly gentleness has brought to pass. And to-day, in Roosevelt, North and South have found that they can stand as brothers after all.

Such was a world hero's preparation for a world work. With an eye of sadness constantly watching the ever increasing carnage and death on the plains of Manchuria, he saw that long enough had destruction triumphed through the madness of men. France too saw, but selfishness was stronger than justice. England saw, but feigned blindness. Germany saw, but was impotent. Could it be that The Hague was an empty name? There was one man for whom international peace was not a chimera, for whom to promise at The Hague and to perform at home were inseparable. Not an emperor he, at whose word legions marched forth to do his behest. No kingly crown was his, begemmed with tokens of a monarch's power. He was only a great citizen of a great nation, raised to be a people's head because he was the embodiment of a people's spirit. His only crown was the crown of American citizenship in which no gem gleams brighter than the gem of peace. With proposals of peace, he approaches both combatants. From Russia, he receives deference; from Japan, respect; and from Europe, but poorly veiled ridicule. Would nations, hoar with centuries, give ear to a nation of a day? Would Russia, leader in world-counsels, take advice from America, young in the tribunal of the nations? Ah, but Europe was dealing not with a nation, but with a nation and a man. What America might have been unable to accomplish, America and Roosevelt were destined to bring to pass.

Undaunted by ridicule, undismayed by failure, Roosevelt, with the tact born of experience, waited for one more decisive victory and then threw himself into the breach. To end the war even now required the utmost neutrality and greatest diplomacy. On one side was a nation flushed with victories, with commanders unsurpassed anywhere, and an army fired with that Oriental patriotism which means victory or death. On the other side, was a nation confident that the vastness of its resources had been only touched upon, and a people fighting before a world where defeat meant loss of honor. And yet by that gentle but determined persuasion which only the peacemaker can command, the impossible became possible. Humanity raised a paean of joy as the flag of truce was raised in Manchuria, and toward Portsmouth the eyes of the world were



turned. There, two battle-lines, eighty miles in length, waited impatient to satisfy with their life-blood the god of war. Here, a few men were ranged in diplomatic combat to satisfy if possible the angel of peace. Above Manchuria, stood Portsmouth; and above Portsmouth, Roosevelt.

But peace was not yet. Though the roar of artillery was no longer heard by day and the flash of musketry no longer seen by night, a peace between two nations, both of which considered themselves unvanquished, seemed almost an impossibility. But he who has brought the ends of the earth together will not now desert his trust. The peacemakers at Portsmouth clash. They grapple; and neither will yield. Once more the guns in Manchuria prepare to deliver their message of death. But the great peacemaker still is master of the hour. With perfect impartiality, he approaches Jap and Russian with suggestions as logical as they are benevolent; and one barrier is removed. Peace seems assured. But again they clash. Komura is determined. Witte has taken his last stand. The ambassadors have gone to the limit of their power. Again two mighty armies prepare for the most terrible battle that a battle-scarred world has ever beheld. But when ambassadors are powerless, Roosevelt seeks sovereigns. Mikado and Czar are implored. Man can go no farther. Can Orient and Occident look through the same eyes? Will peace and justice prevail, or must carnage and ruin reign once more? The world despairs but Roosevelt hopes, while humanity waits breathless. Suddenly, on the twenty-ninth of August, 1905, around the world flashes the welcome message, "Peace." Happiness follows tears, groans change to shouts of joy; for peace has triumphed. The spirit of The Hague, buried beneath the carnage of war, has again been aroused—and at a modest home in Oyster Bay, a thankful world gathers to pay tribute to the world's greatest pacificator, Theodore Roosevelt.

Men say that at Portsmouth a new American ideal was established. Let them rather say the American spirit has given one more evidence of its wonderful adaptability to world conditions. It was not Roosevelt alone who ceased the cannon's roar and healed the open wounds of discord. Behind Roosevelt the man was Roosevelt the American. The spirit that brooded over Portsmouth was none other than the spirit that a century and a quarter before had hovered about until, in a town not many leagues from there, it found

a resting place where thirteen colonies became a nation. It was none other than the spirit that guided the pen which twice freed a wronged and oppressed people. It was the spirit of America, the spirit of liberty and justice, whose end is nothing less than the peace of the world. The power behind Roosevelt was the united influence of all the peace-loving patriots from the seventeenth century Puritan to the twentieth century citizen. Three centuries of justice, one hundred and thirty years of liberty, and the ideals and desires of eighty million of Americans—these are the forces that in Roosevelt have united and now appear as the new American ideal, PEACE

The great peacemaker's work is not ended. Roosevelt's career of world usefulness has seen but its prime. Disquieting problems are daily rising in our own land which his soothing hand is constantly keeping from molesting our nation's peace. Though storms may rise that threaten to cast the American Ship of State upon the rocks of corruption and anarchy, with a Roosevelt at the helm we may rest secure in the assurance that the rocks will soon be past and that we shall again be riding upon the quiet waters of peace. But Roosevelt no longer belongs to America only. The world claims him as her own; for is it not to him that even now the world is looking for the re-establishment of The Hague, and all for which it stands? And it may be that, when fire, murder and the madness of anarchy shall have done their terrible work in Russia, the same hand that calmed the martial fury of two empires and changed Manchuria from a battle-field to a plain of peace, may again be called upon to soothe the passions of men and re-establish a mighty nation, a new Russia,—out of turmoil, quiet; out of anarchy, government; out of discord, peace. For nothing is impossible to the peacemaker.

The day of the warrior hero is past. Not he who draws the sword but he who returns the sword to its scabbard is counted great before the tribunal of mankind. Kuropatkin is disgraced. Oyama is but the memory of a grim-visaged oriental, whose strategic ability was more than ordinary. Before Togo, we pause, wonder, and pass on. But before Roosevelt, a world bows in adoration; for such as he bring nearer the day when man's inhumanity to man shall be no more, and the world shall see the fulfillment of "Peace on earth, and good will among men."



## The Higher Criticism of the Arabian Nights.

By Dr. Zwemer, of Bahrein, Arabia, '87.

IT is refreshing to know that the higher critics of Germany and Holland do not limit their skill and ingenuity to the field of Old Testament literature. Folklore and fable, history and biography, poetry and fiction all must be put under the microscope and endure the dissection of the scalpel in the laboratory. The thousand and one nights of Haroun Rashid are no longer left in the moonlight of tradition but dragged to the light and glare of the noonday. It is important to know the origin and authorship of this nursery-Bible that our children may know to whom they are indebted for the authorship and authenticity of Sinbad the Sailor. The story of the second Barber gains an interest when we know at what particular period it was admitted into the canon and what paragraphs are doubtless later interpolations. I am indebted to a recent history of Arabic literature by Brockelmann and to an article by the Dutch Arabic scholar, De Goeje, for the following latest theories and give them for what they are worth.

The stories of the Arabian Nights first became known in Europe by a French translation of Antoine Galland in 1704. Since that time they have been translated into all the modern languages, and in countless editions have poured from the press to delight and entertain childhood. Later there were critical translations by Macnaghton, Lane, and Burton to show the character of Arabian society and Moslem manners in the middle ages. From being a book of stories for children the Arabian Nights was rescued to become a text-book and sidelight of anthropology and history. Lane's edition is a storehouse of learning and almost an encyclopedia of facts regarding Mohammedan superstitions and practices. Burton's edition, though classic, is marred because it is unexpurgated; but a second partially expurgated edition followed the first. Even in this many of the stories are unfit to read. Costly illustrated editions were printed in French and in German by Lewald, Henning, and others.

There remained now to fully recognise the important place these stories occupy as a classic, only the work of higher criticism.

And just as in the case of the Pentateuch, when once the ball was set rolling there was no telling where it would finally rest.

In 1827 Von Hammer Purgstall drew attention to what is supposed to be a notice of the Thousand and One Nights in Mas'udi's Golden Meadows, a historical work of A. D. 943. This Arab author, comparing them to the Persian tales of Hezar Afsane and Purgstall, concluded they were Persian in origin. De Lacy protested against this theory and called them purely Egyptian; attempting to prove by criticism of the text that they date from the Mameluke dynasty. In 1839 Purgstall replied deducing his main argument from a passage in El Fihrist, an Arabic biographical lexicon written about 987 A. D. This passage reads as follows: "The earliest book of the kind was the Hezar Afsane, or Thousand Tales, which had the following origin: 'A certain Persian king was accustomed to kill his wives on the morning after the consummation of marriage. But once he married a clever princess called Shahrazad, who spent the marriage night in telling a story which in the morning reached a point so interesting that the king spared her and asked next night for the sequel. This went on for a thousand nights.....and in all this the princess was assisted by the king's stewardess, Dinazad. This book is said to have been written for the princess Homani, daughter of Bahman, and contains nearly two hundred stories.'"

The Dutch scholar, De Goeje, says that Persian tradition makes this Homani the daughter and wife of Baham Ardashir, *i. e.* Artaxerxes I. The Persian poet, Firdausi, says she was called Shahrazad; and Mas'udi is called to witness that she was a Jewess and was instrumental in delivering her nation from captivity. It was not a hard guess for the critics, after the clues and surmises, to assert positively that this princess was Queen Esther of the Old Testament! And so they did. The result of this hypothesis was the usual one. The facts must be made to suit the theory. First of all it is evident from the premise that the Arabian Nights are very old, and it is consequently also perfectly evident that the book of Esther is comparatively recent. De Goeje puts its composition at the end of the third century B. C.

The problem remained how to account for the absolute and startling dissimilarity between these six volumes of Mohammedan folklore and love tales thoroughly Egyptian, and the ten short chapters of the book of Esther. But textual and extra-textual



criticism found an easy answer to the problem. Like the Pentateuch and Chronicles and Isaiah the Arabian Nights were written at diverse times and in diverse manners. They too were edited, enlarged, interpolated, improved and redacted by scholars of many schools. Much of the book is proved modern; "post-exilic" we might say.

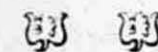
In the story of the frying fish, for example, their colors, white, blue, yellow and red, correspond with the various religions of those whose souls the poor fish incarnated. Here was a clue. For the colors of the fishes are the same as the colors of the turbans commanded to be worn by the different sects in Egypt under the rule of Mohammed bin Kelaun, 1361 A. D.; ergo, this story belongs to Egypt and the fourteenth century! Again in the story of the Hunchback, the talkative barber says, "this is the year six hundred and fifty-three"—A. D. 1255. (Whether this is not a misprint in the Cairo edition is not closely investigated). A Calcutta manuscript of the Arabian Nights speaks of cannon, which were not known in Egypt until 1383. Coffee is often mentioned, we are told, and this was not used by the Arabs until the fourteenth century. (But our friends, the critics, forget that even in pre-Islamic poetry *kahwa*, coffee, is a common word for wine and is one of the many words for wine given in the dictionaries). However, these "facts" soon proved that one portion of the present Arabian Nights was modern and Egyptian in origin. Another portion, or rather other portions of the tales (for the division is piece-meal like that of the rainbow-Bible), is of Bagdad origin. A third group is referred to the introduction into the Nights of a series of old Arabian chivalry stories by Omar an Noman, among which that of Sinbab the Sailor is prominent. Finally, by eliminating these comparatively modern additions and revisions, we come to the original Persian group of stories, and back of these to bed-rock *i. e.*, the captivating romance of Queen Esther, alias Shahrazad. Since the Arabian Nights are merely an enlarged and further illustrated edition of the book of Esther, no wonder that Kuenen says (Religion of Israel III, 148), "impossibilities and improbabilities pervade the whole narrative." He states that the book (naturally, of course) is through and through unhistorical and that "the explanation it offers of the Purim feast is not taken from the reality, but *invented* to make that feast popular." So that the real origin and purpose of these

"Arabian Nights," according to the critics, was to furnish an extra Jewish holiday!

Brockelmann, however, does not agree with De Goeje in his theory but goes back of the Persian group of stories to East Indian sources for the real origin of the Thousand Nights and One. He brings forward textual proofs to show that Prince Bedr, the Fisherman and the Genii, Hasan of Busrah, Hayat and Nafus, and perhaps even Sinbab, all came from India and the Sanskrit. All these stories are at bottom Aryan and not Semitic, he says they have more inner value and poetic fire, are more artistic and less artificial; in short, these tales are the glory of the whole collection. The love stories and adventures of Haroun Rashid are from Bagdad sources and so is most of the erotic poetry; while Egypt is responsible for talismans and the supernatural element. In Hasan of Busrah the supernatural beings are friends or foes by nature, while in Alladdin and his Lamp they are bound by a talisman; the former, Brockelmann says, is an Indo-germanic conception, the latter purely Semitic.

It remained for a French scholar to elucidate the condition of the Arabic text of the classic. H. Zotenberg published at Paris, 1888, a history and criticism of the text and comes to the conclusion that "all hitherto discovered manuscripts fall into three groups," one Asiatic, another Egyptian, and a third later-Egyptian. All of these groups are plainly distinct and easily separated, so he says, and from them a standard text may yet be expected. Zotenberg does not refer us for the original text to the days of Mordecai but agrees with Brockelmann that we cannot well go back of the Indian tales.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? We will wait. It is not so many years ago that Prof. Dozy of Leiden discovered that the Jews came to Mecca and built the Kaaba about the time of David's reign. All the puerile practices of the Moslem pilgrims were traced to the tribal worship of Abraham as a local god by Simeonite exiles. It was a sensational theory and bolstered up by much clever argument. His learned monograph is now a literary curiosity. But we still have Esther and the Arabian Nights and the *post hoc propter hoc* theory.





## The Tale of a Tub.

Written specially for *The Anchor* by Hickory's brother.

"Oh fudge, that dormitory!" said Sarah.

"I wish it were—were—;" and Jess stopped, leaving her sentence unfinished for want of a proper word that would fully express her overmastering disgust for the object under discussion. Peggy kept still and thought. She was a quiet sort of a girl, with a lot of ideas and a scarcity of words, that made her an enigma and an object of interest—a girl in whom there seemed to be no curiosity.

"Just think," snapped Sarah, "this outrageously, inhuman, nonsensical new rule! Nine o'clock! They ought to make it seven; or send us to Sing Sing. Then we wouldn't need any rules." And she relapsed into gloomy silence.

The three girls were sitting in the "girls' room," discussing what to them was a more vital question than Chinese Immigration or Woman's Rights. If *they* only received their rights they cared not for woman's rights in general. But the new dormitory was to them a thorn in the flesh. The strict rules, the nine o'clock experiment, and all those old-fangled ideas called forth the most blood-curdling girl anathemas that the tongue was capable of expressing. And not only Jess and Sarah and Peggy, but all the inmates, except the matron and a few of the "select," had equally strong feelings on this subject. Oh, for the good old times when the dormitory was but a prophecy, when the matron was but a jest, and all things were run on humanistic principles.

"Wonder if 'Mamma' Clarbley will enforce it?"

"What? The nine o'clock rule? Sure thing!"

"Oh wouldn't that—wouldn't that—;" again the characteristic poverty of words. As a natural outlet for her feelings Jess kicked her small slippered foot against a tub that occupied a conspicuous place in the room. It rang with the kick and like magic seemed to chase away the girls' harsh thoughts. Instantly they were giggling and engaged in a spirited talk about the tub.

"Wouldn't it stun you, how we fooled Pete and Jim! If Hickory'd been there it wouldn't 'a been so easy."

"No," said Jess, "Hickory's too cute to be tripped by a scheme like this. He'd 'a fooled us."

"Shucks, I don't care. We got it, and I'd like to see the day they get it back."

The tub under discussion had been a bone of contention ever since halloween night. On that occasion some daring youths—presumably Pete and Jim and Hickory, since they took so much interest in it afterwards—had placed it, partly filled with water, in such a position against the dormitory door that whoever would be the "early bird" in the morning would get an idea of what the deluge looked like. The girls instantly took possession of it. Pete and Jim and Hickory, however, by a trick had again purloined it from the holy precincts of the "girls' room," and kept it for a while closely guarded in Backlog Club. But only the day before the opening of our story Jess and Sarah and Peggy had spirited it away from there, and now it occupied its old abode.

Next morning the following notice appeared on the bulletin board: "Lost, strayed or stolen,—a valuable wash-tub (like mother used to use) with a concave bump on the northeast side and an oblong, convex bump on the southwest. Finder or thief will please return same to Backlog Club"

This notice, that made Sarah and Jess and Peggy giggle, and even caused a smile on Prof. Dauden's sour face, was without effect. Accordingly Hickory and Jim and Pete went down College Ave., engaged in deepest thought. They had their hands dug fiercely into their trouser pockets, as though they were engaged in a trouser-stretching contest.

"Here, fellows," said Pete, "let's cut it out and get something else to make things lively with."

"Not by a good deal!" rejoined Hickory fiercely. "We're goin' to have that tub if Pluto himself were guarding it."

All three relapsed into gloomy silence. No feasible plan offered itself in spite of Hickory's boast, and for once their resourcefulness seemed to be inadequate to the occasion.

"Eureka!" broke out Hickory at last, as they turned the corner.

"What," "Let's have it," "Spit it out," came in one breath from Jim and Pete.

"Why, its too easy to be true. You know when they were building this dormitory last year, how that mason—what's his



name?—got killed there in the 'girls' room,' trying to put that arch in place? The girls are mighty shaky about that room after dark. Not one in a hundred would enter it after supper-time. And, then, this nine o'clock rule will make it work fine. Here's the skeleton key, and I'm the boy that isn't afraid of ghosts!"

"Amen!" said Jim and Pete, as they entered Backlog Club.

\* \* \*

At exactly half past nine that evening three boys walked cautiously up the path that led to the dormitory door. The boys had to do their work in a hurry. The outside door would be locked at ten o'clock, and for this door Hickory did not have a key. So Jim and Pete hid behind the picket-fence to act in the double capacity of sentinel and reserve guard in case of danger. Hickory, wearing tennis shoes and carrying a vest-pocket searchlight, cautiously opened the door and disappeared into the hall.

The skeleton key worked like magic and Hickory soon found himself in the apartment that the girls not infrequently referred to as the "ghost room." But Hickory thought of no ghosts. A flash from his searchlight revealed the tub with its wonderful bumps. He carefully took it up, and was just thanking his stars for his extraordinary good fortune when—a step in the hall! And, horror personified! the matron's, and coming straight toward the "ghost room" door. For perhaps the first time in his life Hickory forgot himself. He dropped the tub and the noise it made seemed like all the thundering in the universe from Adam to Roosevelt, combined into one peal. At that moment the matron just had her hand on the door-knob. Frightened at the noise she gave it a convulsive pull. The spring lock on the outside snapped, and Hickory was a prisoner. The matron fled down the hall in wild consternation.

Hickory was in a bad plight, but danger brought back his self-possession. His imagination stood him in good stead. The dead mason and the "ghost room's" reputation flashed across his mind. His plan was carried out almost as soon as conceived. His voice was capable of giving every possible quality of tone; and, almost before he was aware of it, he had set up a howl that would have made Virgil's dog of Tartarus green with envy. He imitated as much as possible the tone of the dead mason, and impersonated this

much-feared ghost so well that soon there came to the astonished ears of Jim and Pete such expressions as "Lay that stone straight," "Tighten your chalk-line," "Hand me that brick," "You, there, apply some elbow grease," and a variety of other expressions such as a mason might be supposed to use. He seasoned these with such unearthly groans and such blood-curdling howls that Jim and Pete huddled close together and shivered with terror.

In an instant the dormitory was in an uproar. Chairs and tables were knocked over in the inmates' wild rush for the back door. The matron had the advantage of an early start, and was already three blocks away before the last girl had left the building. Down the street they ran as though ten thousand fiends were after them.

After that eventful night many a council meeting was held about that mysterious affair, and many an effort was made to persuade the girls to re-occupy their respective rooms. But all in vain. They were but too glad to make anything serve as an excuse for leaving the dormitory. "Mamma" Clarbley was their strongest advocate; and the girls' anathemas against her were changed into blessings. From January until June the dormitory was unoccupied. Then it was remodded and changed into a laboratory.

How Hickory got out is of minor consequence. Suffice it to say that he did get out. His imagination was equal to a little problem like that. The tub was never seen again. But whenever it happens that it is mentioned in their presence, Jim and Pete and Hickory jam their hands into their trouser pockets and look thoughtful.





# THE ANCHOR.

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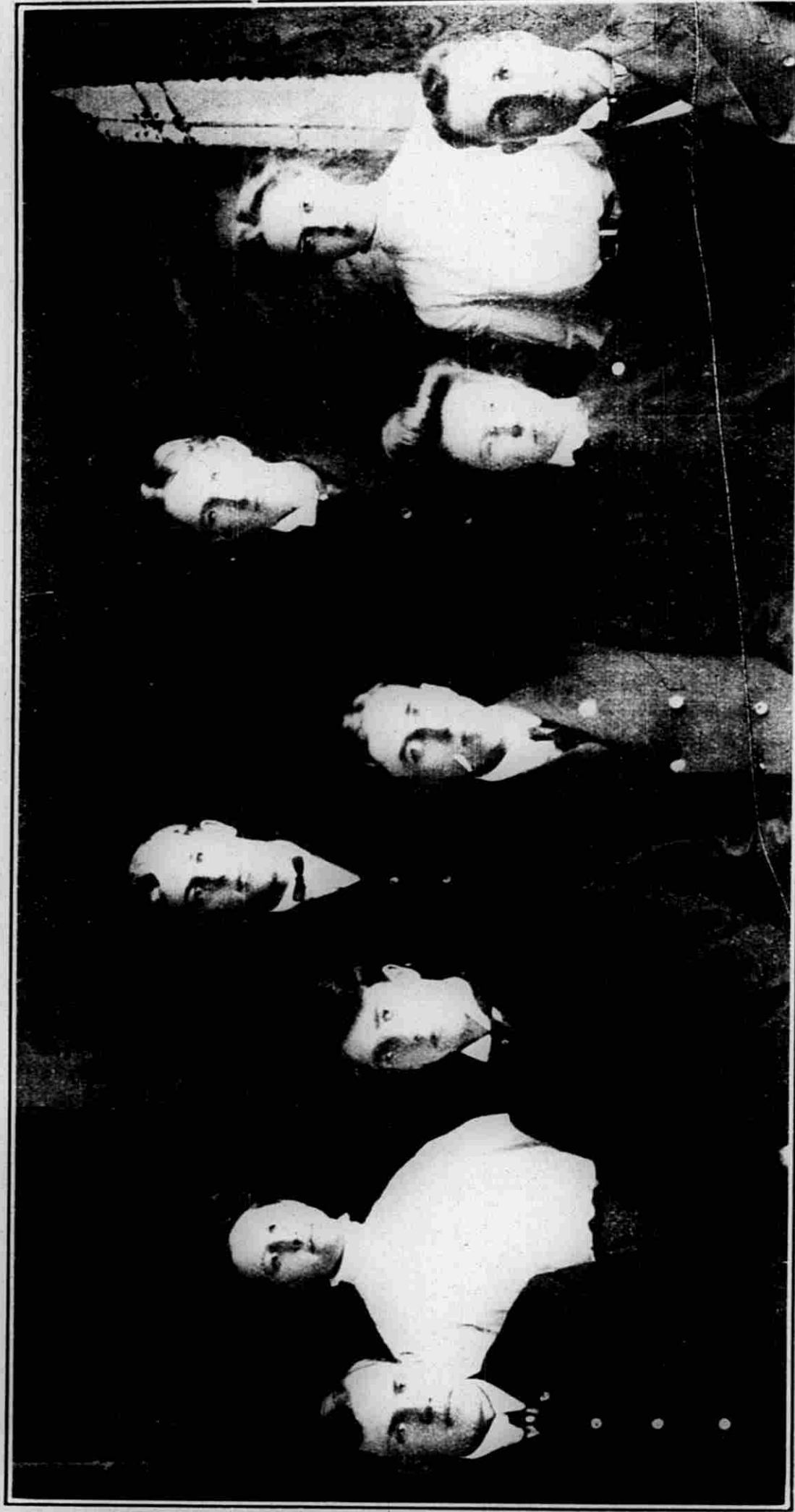
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THE beginning of the end. Ye editor hereby wishes to express his sincere thanks for the help and encouragement he has received during the past year from the students in general and from the staff members in particular. His work, although it has been done in weakness, has been done with a great deal of pleasure. At every turn his work was met by a hearty response and co-operation on the part of staff and students. Our endeavor has been to make The Anchor representative of college life. Its literary achievements, its social activities, its athletic prospects, and its religious tendencies have all been given voice at one time or another. If any important phase or issue of college life has been neglected, the neglect has not been wilful; if attention to any phase has been overdone, it was only after careful deliberation. We also wish to extend our thanks to the alumni that still show sufficient loyalty to their Alma Mater to subscribe and pay for its paper. For our successor we can only wish a greater measure of success, with an equal expression of good-will on the part of the students and alumni.

But there is no rose without thorns. For the benefit of the successive line of editors we might say that the editing of a college paper has about it many features that try a man's good nature. The

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Faculty invariably hold that they are above censure, and any joke that a professor might think would cast anything but a favorable light on his majesty's character or achievements is promptly flung back at the editor, followed by a deluge of interjections and adjectives. The editor meekly takes it all in, although he silently passes the hottest adjectives on to the joke editor, who, on threat of mutiny, compelled him to run the obnoxious notice. One day a student complains that his name never appears in the paper, the next day he throws brickbats at the editor for putting it in just "that way." One kind friend will gently warn the editor that the paper is inclining rather too much toward the frivolous and nonsensical, while another friend, equally kind, writes that the paper "would be making a hit, if it were not for its excessive religious tendencies." The experience of the editor is not unlike that of the Greek convict in Hades, who, swinging on the infernal pendulum, was subjected alternately to frigid cold and torrid heat.

And yet, we would not for a moment wish to be without these kindly reminders of our total depravity. Jerome tells us that "a little disagreement is essential to the happiness of human-kind". And there is an element of real pleasure in watching a man lacerate his irate fist in an attempt to crush the faithful mirror. How much better would it be if such a man could take the hint, turn about, and forget "what manner of man he was". As long as mirrors persist in telling the truth, so long the college editor must expect this harmless musketry, for a college paper misses one of its functions if it fails to provide the gift for which the poet so long interceded:

"O would some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursils as ithers see us."





### The State Contest at Alma.

THE Ninth State Oratorical Contest was held at Alma, March second, where the nine Michigan colleges vied for first place. An enthusiastic delegation accompanied each orator, and if the number and enthusiasm of the delegation had made for victory we are sure Hope would have won with ease. A company of twenty-five went with Mr. Kolyn to the contest and until the decision of the judges was announced every Hope-ite was confident that Hope would receive no lower than second place. The judges, however, thought differently, and although Mr. Kolyn received second place in delivery, his marks in thought and style were low enough to give him sixth place as his final rank. In delivery Mr. Kolyn's work was of such a high order that his claim to second place was undisputed, and if he had had the experience of the man who won, we believe he would have taken first honors as easily as he now took second. There is widespread dissatisfaction with the outcome of the contest, still Hope need not be discouraged, for although the wheel of fortune has not turned her way for three years, who knows but what next year may bring her first place. She has at least one chance in nine. At present the colleges are thinking of doing away with the unknown elements in judges by leaving the contest in the hands of the various professors of rhetoric in the colleges, but as yet nothing has been done.

The contest was held in the Alma opera house and on account of a drizzling rain the hall was but partially filled. Unfortunately, the reserved seats were all in the back of the hall, which necessarily made effective delivery more difficult. At intervals in the program music was furnished by the Alma Conservatory.

The first orator was G. D. Sutton of Alma College. His oration, "John Jay as Diplomat," was interesting and well written. Mr. Sutton's delivery was jerky and labored, yet on the whole quite forceful.

"The Hero of the Dark Continent" by R. L. Cauldren of Hillsdale was a smooth and artistic production. Mr. Cauldren's delivery was marred by lapses in memory.

Mr. Kolyn, Hope's orator, seems to have been unfortunate in the choice of his subject. Had he spoken upon Luther or Gettysburg instead, he might have fared better at the hands of the judges

on thought and style. Hope feels that she was ably represented and although her orator received a low place he nevertheless did his Alma Mater as much credit as he could have done by getting second or third honors.

Mr. Gordon delivered the winning oration, "The College Man's Mission." He is the first orator thus far in the State contest who has had a message for his audience. His delivery was strong and rich in feeling. He held his audience from start to finish and deserved the high marks he received.

Miss Peters represented M. A. C. with an oration on "The Development of National Conscience." The production was pleasing and well written. Her delivery was emphatic but lacked variation.

J. H. Moeller spoke for Ypsilanti on "Alfred the Great." His oration showed careful thought and was deserving of good marks. His delivery was smooth, but lacked power.

St. Clair Parsons of Olivet won first place in thought and style on an oration entitled "Triumph of the Fraternal Spirit." In simplicity and smoothness the paper was easily first. Mr. Parson's delivery was in keeping with his production, but seemed a little strained.

Mr. Robinson of Adrian was unfortunate in being introduced as "The Apostle of Beauty." Some of the subject matter in the oration is very good but the delivery and style were both rather rough hewn.

Mr. E. O. Gildart of Albion did not equal our expectations,—that is in the final marks. His oration was worthy of a better place in thought and style.





### De Alumnis.

Rev. H. Huisinga, '93, of Ongole, India, is expected home on his furlough in April.

Rev. B. Hoffman, '95, of Grand Rapids, has received a call from the First Reformed Church of Holland, Michigan.

A book on "William the Silent," written by Rev. Albert A. Pfanstiehl, '76, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Highland Park, Ill., was presented by the author to the library of Hope College. On March 8, Rev. Pfanstiehl delivered a lecture on "The Small Boy," in Orange City, Iowa. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the American Reformed Church.

Rev. H. Harmeling, '88, of Chicago, Ill., declined the call extended to him by the Third Reformed Church of Grand Rapids.

Dr. S. M. Zwemer, '87, Rev. N. K. Boer, '97, and Messrs. H. Tellman, '01, W. Hoekje, '01, G. Pennings, '05, and C. Van Der Schoor, '05, have returned from Nashville, Tennessee, where they attended the Fifth International Student Volunteer Convention. Dr. Zwemer presided at the Mohammedan Conference, Thursday afternoon, March 1, and made a burning appeal for workers to supply the need of the Mohammedan world.

In a few weeks, Dr. Zwemer expects to sail for Cairo, Egypt, where a great conference will be held in the interest of missions in Mohammedan countries. Rev. J. Van Ess, '99, will also attend this conference.



### Among the Societies.

The Meliphonians have in the past made innovations in their work, hoping by that means to create interest in the regular program. A fair trial has taught them that the introduction of novelties does not always insure more zeal and faithfulness, and hence

they are now working along conservative lines with a sprinkling of music and fun to let out surplus energy. The officers for the term are:

President—Henry A. Vruwink.  
Vice-president—Gerrit DeJong.  
Secretary—Nicholas N. Sichterman.  
Treasurer—Herman F. Veenker.  
Sergeant—John Wichers.  
Marshal—John T. De Vries.



The Cosmopolitan spirit of playing low and hard, with plenty of perspiration as well as inspiration, has made itself manifest in the present work of the society. All of the meetings are well attended and great interest is shown in the programs. Although the present enrollment is not large the advantage of more individual work is realized and appreciated. The musical features of the programs are also becoming prominent, and a quartet of no mean ability as well as new song books add much to the interest of the programs. With regular meetings, full attendance, deeply aroused enthusiasm and an inspiring ideal, the present year should prove an honorable one in the life of the society. The following officers have been elected for the present term:

President—B. Rottschaefer.  
Vice president—J. W. Van Zanten.  
Secretary and treasurer—A. Haverkamp.  
Janitor—R. d'Zeeuw.



One of the greatest educational factors in school life is the literary society. It accomplishes that toward which the work of the class room has been only a stepping stone, namely, the power of being able to address an audience. The society is a connecting link between college life and the great whirl going on in the outer world of existence. The young people are trained to present or maintain an argument and to become acquainted with the problems of the day, to think and express what they think, to write and deliver a part worthy of a college student. This is the primary



object of the literary societies. Nor has the Sorosis Society been found wanting this year in its material for excellent society work, and as a result some fine programs have been given which have shown thoughtful, painstaking effort.



The Ulfilas Club of to-day is as strong, if not stronger, than it ever has been. A new feature has been added to the program, i. e., the singing of some of the beautiful patriotic songs of Holland. The club is in a flourishing condition and there is no reason why the Ulfilas cannot render a rousing public program this spring. The membership numbers nineteen, of which number some are singers, and others are good orators. Enthusiasm runs high, and the outlook is promising for a grand triumph. The officers for the present term are:

President—Bernard Rottschaefer, '06.  
Vice-president—Henry Mollema, '07.  
Secretary—Philip Jonker, '07.  
Janitor—Andrew Stegenga, '06.



The Fraternal Society continues to enjoy one of the most prosperous years in its history. Every member seems to realize that the success of the society depends upon him, and the result is gratifying in the extreme. The programs are of the highest order, the attendance is excellent, and the duties are fulfilled in a way that speaks volumes for the Fraternal spirit. A very pleasant feature was an entire evening devoted to the study of Poe. Every number was above the ordinary standard of a literary society. Debates are also becoming an interesting and important part of every program, and musical numbers furnish a pleasing diversion. With its enthusiastic membership, its fine programs, and the excellent spirit pervading all, the Fraternal Society has set for itself a high ideal for future work.



The Minerva Society has since the Society Festival centered all of its efforts on its regular programs, and much of interest and instruction has resulted. One pleasing feature was the presentation of a "Conglomeration" program, consisting of Latin, Greek,

French, German, Dutch, Italian, Scotch and Irish speeches and songs. This helped the members to realize how we are taught to twist our tongues in the various class rooms. Much original work has also been presented, and such is praiseworthy in its quality. The officers for the present term are:

President—Hannah G. Hoekje.  
Vice-president—Hilda C. Stegeman.  
Secretary—Maud Turnbull.  
Treasurer—Lucile Steketee.



### Exchanges.

The Exeter Tales grow in interest, and the "Girl in the Box" of the *Cauldron's* February number is especially clever. The "Envelope League" suggested in the *Cauldron's* exchange column is a good idea.

J. L., '06, has a well written essay on Burns in the February *Classic*.

Teacher—What is the equator?

Small Sage—The equator is a menagerie lion running around the center of the earth.—Ex.

The *Adrian College World* of Feb. 24 has a rather long but interesting article on "The College Plus the Theological Seminary." The poem, "Only a Dream," calls forth a responsive echo from the hearts of many an overworked managing board.

"Class Jingles" is a new Psalm of Life in the *Arms Student*. B. Forbes, '06, appears as an optimist in the "New Times are Better than the Old."

A Harvard sophomore was reciting a memorised oration in one of the classes in public speaking. After the first two sentences his memory failed, and a look of despair came over his face. He began as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen: Washington is dead, Lincoln is dead—" then, forgetting, he hesitated a moment and continued, "and I—I am beginning to feel sick myself."—Ex.



Readers of the *Argus* are eagerly awaiting the next installment of "A Guest in the House." The *Argus* we especially note also for its clean, clever Ads.

The *College Folio's* class notes are good, although rather many for the size of the paper.

The *Blue and Gray* of February contains a dreamy six stanza poem, "The Sea." D. V. H., '06, has true poetic feeling and fancy.

The *Bowen Blade* of Nashville, Tenn., has a good article on "The Coming Convention." Being published in the city where the Student Volunteer Convention was held, it is highly qualified to comment on this movement to which so much interest attaches.

The *Easterner* is a very interesting paper, and is well edited in every department.

Queen of Spain—Moi Gracia! The baby has the stomach ache.  
Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—Wou! Call the Secretary of the Interior.—Ex.

In spite of the *High School Egypt's* statement that it does not reprint other papers' favorable comment out of vanity, the practice should not be encouraged. If not vanity, it looks suspiciously like vanity.

The *Ray* would do well to pay more attention to typographical errors.

The *Horace Mann Record* has an ideal exchange column in every respect except the part headed "With the Critics." That space could more profitably be given to criticism of other college papers.

The February number of *Purple and Gold* is a success as a contest number. The forceful oration, "Capture of Port Arthur," is all that the editor claims for it.

The *Occident* is anxious about the Anchor's exchange editor. Keep cool, *Occident*, and look for this worthy gentleman's name in the April number. The cuts in the *Occident* are good, but their prominence gives the impression that they are there to the exclusion of literary matter.

### Jottings.

Little cow, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Little cow, I'll tell thee;  
Peter Pleune, he made thee.

Lost! Somewhere between Alma and Grand Rapids, a second-hand Greek "Lyric Poetry." Finder will please return to Paul Kleinheksel and receive as a reward, "Thank you kindly."

Van Zanten is said to have got an idea down at Alma. It is very fortunate that somebody, at least, got something.

## EASTER GREETING

To all the students and professors, who have put in hard work during the winter term, I bid a pleasant and happy Easter vacation. Easter has become more or less a time of remembrance; a dainty little gift to friend or relative as a token of the happy Easter-tide. Why not pick out something nice—an Easter egg, a duck or a goose; a postal card or Easter card—something to take home or send home. Remember, I have a beautiful line of inexpensive Easter novelties.

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Prof. Mast is said to be cultivating an insatiable appetite for fudge. The editorial staff of the *Anchor* always knew that Miss Hoyt makes good fudge, but Mr. Mast's frequent visits to South River street were formerly thought to have been caused by another attraction. It might be well to suggest that Harvard offers no Ph. D's. for the completion of a course in fudge-making.



"How are the mighty fallen!"

Pleune says that a girl in Alma, named Miss Hunt, could pronounce his name in thirty-seven different ways.

Andrew Vos has just returned from a six weeks' visit at his home in New Jersey.

The publishers wish to announce that the fourth of the series of articles by Mr. George De Kruif on "Girls That I Have Been Engaged To" is now ready for publication.

Ben Bush has been elected captain of the base ball team.

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Were you invited to Miss Larkin's party?

There was once a jonger named Jonker,  
Who was frequently known as a flunker.

But when he would flunk,

He always got drunk

Till he couldn't get drunk any drunker.

Miss Larkins is at present taking courses in History of Music and in biscuit making. She says that the history of music is very hard, but we are sorry that candor compels us to add that her friends say that the biscuits are harder.

Prof. Nykerk is "up in the air" because of the decision of the judges in the state contest. "There is altogether too much variation between the conclusions of the judges as to the merits of one man's production." In the home contest the same thing happened to another man, and then the action was justified by a hundred and one plausible reasons. Puzzle: Find the consistency. The ways of some people are past finding out. Yea verily.

The joke editor the other day felt quite proud of his work, when he had constructed a small card-board box, but Mr. Jonker happened to drop in. "Why-er," he exclaimed, "where under the sun did you get hold of that?" "Made it." "I'll be hanged, if it doesn't look exactly like Etta's work."

De Mots, to one of the fellows: "Say, but that's a mighty fine girl you have. I had a good notion to go after her myself." "If you do, I'll tear you into sixteen pieces."

Mr. Mollema had a small, square box in his room, marked: "J. C. Herkner Jewelry Co., Grand Rapids, Mich." He was asked where he had left the rest, since it contained nothing but cotton batten. "That contained my college pin" he glibly replied. "Same old story, old man, 'twon't wash down." Thereupon Mollie colored and stammered: "Er—d'ye think, ye fop, that I'd send the box down and keep the ring?" And he still had the box! !

When the medical men come to lecture even Prof. Dimnent lets up on his daily quota of Greek.

Did you know that our Lady Matron has her picture in "The Beacon Lights of History," in the volume treating great women? Wonder who pasted it on the fly-leaf?

Slagh: "Professor, isn't that some more of Hankamp's sophistical reasoning?"





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